THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1876. NO. 3.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott]. German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], National Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

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CALENDAR.

1876.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	July 16.
	Examination for Admission,	July 17.
	Alumni Day,	July 18.
	Commencement,	July 19.
	College year begins	Sept. 7.

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The Undergraduate.

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1876. NO. 3.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA FONTAINE.

An oak one day said to a reed:
"Well might you plain that nature hath against you sinned;
For you a little wren is heavy load indeed:
The least, the slightest straying wind
That can on water ripples breed
Obliges you to bow the head;
Meanwhile my brow, like unto Caucasus in height,
Not satisfied to eye the sun with fearless sight,
Feels for the tempest's might no dread.
To you all winds are north, all zephyrs seem to me.
But if you had been born within the leafy shade,
Which round about by me is made,
Such suffering you would not see;
I would the storm for you have stayed;
But ottener is your place of birth
Where hath the wind the borders of its realm on earth.
To me doth nature seem towards you of justice wide"—
"Your pity, oak," the reed then to the tree replied,
"Doth show a friendly disposition; but do not fear:
"The winds to me bring less of danger than to you:
I bend but do not break. You have from year to year
Of gales terrific known not few
Yet still you stand with back unbroken;
But let us wait the end." Scarce had these words been spoken
When madly rushed from out the far horizon's end
The fiercest child that then the north
Did carry in his loins to send destroying forth.
The tree holds firm; the reed doth bend,
The wind increases, fury-fed
And wilder, angrier grows till it up-pries
The one whose haughty head was neighbor of the skies,
Whose feet extended to the empire of the dead.

T.

RELIGION IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

What may have been the private life of Charles Dickens, I know not. He is dead, and the influence he may have had as a man is buried in the works he has left behind him. These alone are for us to consider. Let it suffice to say that if we shall find any religious teachings in his writings, it is to be presumed they came from a heart that believed in his own words, that "the New Testament is the best book that ever was, or will be to teach us the lessons by which we should be guided." That his writings stand high in the catalogue of fiction as works of a sound moral character I apprehend is acknowledged by all, and if we examine them to ascertain whether these moral teachings are based upon a religious foundation, we shall find them to contradict no theory or practice of the teachings of Christ. The transgressor seeks here in vain for encouragement or even excuse.

Follow the character of Ralph Nickleby, and after he has driven his widowed sister into poverty and want, robbed the poor and even sold his only son as a slave, all from his lust for gain—examine the closing scene of his life. Along a dark road on a dark and dismal night, rendered more dismal by the howling of the cold blasts among the tomb-stones of a near burial ground, he skulks to his deserted house. He enters with the same black cloud hanging above his head, while a blacker one envelopes his heart. He gropes his way up the winding stair till he reaches the attic, and then with looks of horribly mingled frenzy, hatred and despair, shakes his clenched hand at the threatening clouds, hangs his body to the timbers above, while his soul falls into the darkness below. It is suicide; and "suicide is confession." Does such a life and death encourage the reader to be guided by selfish and mercenary motives?

The very themes—Prison Abuses, Parish Wrongs, Cruelty in Schools, Hypocritical Humbugs and Crimes in the Political World, speak for themselves, and indicate their harmony with the christian mission. They show they were intended to oppose the wrong and maintain the right. Their prime object was to free England from the many social evils that were then fettering her in their chains; and in doing this they speak to the heart of every nation of similar evils, yes, and to the heart of every individual

that may be bound in the chains of sin. They speak of anguish, remorse and despair to the heart that is fettered, but peace, joy and success to the one that is free.

Certainly to him who perceives not the difference between religion and the cant of religion, between piety and the pretence of piety, religious subjects may sometimes seem to be ridiculed. In fact, these writings only censure the common use of sacred things with the tongue when they are unreal to the heart; they withdraw the cloak and satirise—not true religion but the lack of it. And this is one of their religious features to support the true heart-devotion, while they treat the hypocrite with sarcasm.

It is not claimed that it is the principal object of the writings of Charles Dickens to prove or even to teach the system of doctrines declared in the Holy Scriptures, but that they are based upon these doctrines, and that with this truth as their foundation they beautifully picture its benefit to humanity. What reader has not been profited by the purity of heart portrayed in the character of Agnes; what heart has not been touched with pity at the words of that opposite character, Martha, as she sat beside the dark river—"Oh! the river, I know it is like me. It comes from country places where there was once no harm in it, and it creeps through the dismal streets defiled and miserable and it goes away like my life to the great sea that is always troubled." Were there ever words that showed keener remorse or pictured the future punishment of the wicked in plainer terms? Purity of character, honesty of purpose in life, and a belief in God are advocated. As the moon's borrowed light is mirrored on the surface of the waters, so we may perceive a radiance from the divine Word to be reflected in the writings of Charles Dickens. But some may still entertain a doubt whether that most essential doctrine, a belief in Christ as our Savior, can find sanction in these works. Allow yourselves to go with me in your imagination to that old Marshalsea Prison described in Little Dorrit. It is at the sunset hour of a dark rainy day. In a darkening room that looks down into a darkening prison yard stand two women, Little Dorrit and old Mrs. Clenham. The contrast between their lives is not surpassed by that of the brightness of midday and the darkness of midnight. That figure so haggard and worn by the sins of an evil life is kneeling at the feet of Little Dorrit, the pure, and confessing her crimes. Listen to the consolation and advice that falls from the lips of her whose life has ever been guided by the same teachings. "Oh, Mrs. Clenham, Mrs. Clenham * * let me implore you to be guided by the Healer of the Sick—the Raiser of the Dead—the Patient Master who shed tears of compassion for our infirmities. There is no infliction of suffering in His life I am sure. There can be no confusion in following Him I am certain." *Was that not religion?*

ANTIGONE.

In the whole range of fiction Antigone stands pre-eminent as a conception of woman. If a poet's highest success lies in the embodiment of what may be in what has not been in her, Sophocles achieved that success. Her character is two-fold. She is at once a woman and a heroine, and for this reason the poet has chosen to develop his thought in two separate plays. In the one he has set forth her tender womanhood—in the other her stern heroism. Nor without reason has he done this. For although in both the two elements of her nature are blended—because heroism without tenderness were cold, and tenderness without heroism were weak—yet it was necessary to paint them apart for the same reason that we are obliged to recognize Joan D'Arc the shepherdess as separate from Joan D'Arc the warrior—to understand her.

In Œdipus Coloneus Antigone first appears as the guide of her father, once King of Thebes, now blind, an exile, the horror of the wayfarer, seeking the fulfillment of divine promise in the grove of the Fates. She alone has not forsaken him. Her heart alone beats warmly towards the weary gray old man for whom there is no rest

but in death. The wrath of the gods is upon him, why should not men spurn him? Very much like the *homo* of to-day Creon has lifted his hands in holy horror at his crimes. The King's own sons banish him from the city, and Ismene, pitiably weak, dares not speak one soothing word to that breaking heart. It needs a stout soul now to befriend the old man, and such is Antigone's. These wicked ones but make the darkness for her love to shine in. She marks him ready for departure, without friends at home, without hope of friends before him. All the pity of her heart is stirred. He shall not go alone—blind, helpless, perhaps to die by the wayside. She will be the guide of his feet and the staff of his tottering frame. She will protect him from the careless jest of the passer-by and make the road smooth with loving words. For what should she fear? Purity, life? They are nothing compared with duty.

Here is love! Here is the beginning of heroism! A love that will impel her to follow him into the mysterious dread unknown, a heroism that will lift a giant-weight of duty in the face of death. This tender devotion impresses us everywhere. How she cares for him that his foot may not bruise itself and that his white hair may not suffer dishonor! With what affection she finds the tired wanderer a seat and clings about his neck! How he, in turn, puts trust in her! He is brave only when she is near, and when he can hold her hand he is sure of protection. Is it not a beautiful sight, the childlike confidence of the old man in his slender guide and the brave little heart that unconsciously trusting in its own goodness will not forsake him?

But, as I have said, here only the tender element of her character is made prominent and for a purpose—to prepare a way for the heroic. True heroism must outgrow from love; they are boon companions. One may not think so at first, but it is only the noble soul that is capable of heroism, and the soul that is without the fine element of tenderness, that is not moved with pity for the wretched, is not noble.

The gloomy fate which has hovered so long over her father's family is doing its work of death. Her brothers lie upon the field slain by each other's hand. One is buried with honoring pomp, the other is given to the beasts by edict of the king. What will she do? Will she see the body of him whom she has loved from the cradle fester unentombed? No, her soul revolts. What cares she for that he was a rebel; he was her brother, too. Leave justice to the gods. She casts about for aid. Hæmon must not be involved and Ismene is too much of a faint-heart to dare the king's decree. On her and her alone the duty falls. She recognizes the fact, and love for duty nerves her for the task. Death is sure to follow, but death is less than dishonor. She does not hesitate, parley or plan. Craft and expediency are none of her counselors. Boldly in the light of day the deed is done. This heroism is not such as dashes to the breach under the passion of the hour. It is calm, deliberate, refined. She is taken at the tomb, led before the king, confesses and is sentenced. There at last she relapses from the sternness of the heroine. She weeps but does not repent. If she did not moan we would almost think her a machine; but tears reveal the greatness of her soul. She sorrows as Christ sorrowed in the garden. Still grief does not hinder her from meeting death with intrepidity. As firmly as ever martyr went to the stake she enters the rocky grave, and the mouth is closed and she is left to a gradual death.

Shakspeare has not given us a nobler ideal of woman than this. In one only has he approached Antigone—in Cordelia the wronged and forgiving—in Cordelia who clasps the white head of her "child-changed father" to her breast and loses all memory of injustice in the depth of her compassion. But *she* is hardly more than the Antigone of the Œdipus Coloneus. Searching as Shakspeare's mind was, he seems not to have read the possibilities of such a soul. And if he has failed, who may hope to succeed?

Vocal profanity shows mental poverty.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The field which Oliver Goldsmith occupies as a writer lies mainly in the realm of feeling and imagination. He addresses the heart—like a true poet he expresses the sentiments and aspirations that stir within him. His tender and artless benevolence, his touching pathos and his elegant vocabulary, together with a rich vein of melancholy all flow along in one stream of harmony.

Goldsmith has painted his own character in his writings. Much of his personal history is delineated with great exactness. His wandering life throws a romantic coloring over all his thoughts. Filled with dissatisfaction with present pleasures and enjoyments he seems perpetually allured by some bright fantasy of ideal happiness which was destined never to be realized. His generous and benevolent nature bursts forth in almost every line he penned, as in his description of the village parson—

> "And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Though, at times, he was flippant and vain in society, still like his village parson—

> "—all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
> Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head—"

In fact, this whole description is nothing more than a reflection of his own pure heart. His faults were negative, not positive, and were offset by the good he has conferred in leaving the world an heir to writings of such simplicity, beauty and morality.

Goldsmith's literary life was more prolonged than productive. Relying on his pen for daily support, many of his writings were of only a local interest. It was his pure diction and flowing style that attracted general attention.

The Traveller, a poem growing out of his long travels and keen observation, delights the reader with its wonderful harmony of system and its melancholy yet attractive sentiments. From the lofty summit of the Alps he views the kingdoms of the earth; and after searching far and wide for real happiness is forced to return to the human mind and heart as its true source.

In the Deserted Village he describes his early home. Into this description he throws his whole soul, and the literary world rejoice in the production of one of its choicest ornamentations.

The prose narrative of the Vicar of Wakefield was one of his most successful efforts. It combines simplicity, humor and common sense. It also has the inestimable effect of reconciling the mind of man to human nature around him. In these writings we find Goldsmith one of the most pleasing of English authors. His noble sentiments, flowing from his own heart, vibrate in the heart of his reader; thus a sympathetic communion is established between them, and, while authors of more sounding names are cast aside, the writings of Oliver Goldsmith thrill the hearts of thousands of admiring readers, filling them with noble feeling and exalted aspirations. What author could ask for greater reward! What mortal could wish for greater honor!

Another scene comes up before me. The time—a winters's night—cold and stormy. A good night to be in doors, for the rain beating against the window and the whistling wind only render the interior the pleasanter by the contrast. There, with three or four others, I first learned to enjoy the beauties of literature. There I found that these are pleasures of the highest order, which one need not hesitate to let all the world know of. * * * But the scene has changed. 'Tis a midsummer's night, just before the long vacation. A class has gathered around a little ivy plant at the foot of the old college walls. One of the number is speaking—speaking of the happy past which they have spent together, and of the future, which is now before them; and many an eye that is dim and many a stifled sob tell the effect of his words. And now they march through the halls and gather for a final parting. Many of these have been fierce rivals, but no rivalry is felt among them now. No, college life may have its evil influences, but none ever lay aside their rivalries so readily as college classmates.—*Argus.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, MAY, 1876.

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EDITORIAL.

NO PLACE in the world is so full of merriment as college. Students are ever boiling over with fun, so much so indeed that the words student life and joviality are become almost synonymous. What is the cause of it is little to the point; the fact remains the same. For this reason it is that after his entry into the world the Alumnus looks back to his college days as the happiest of his life. This fun ever seething in the student's breast, like water pressing against the sides of its receptacle, *will* burst forth, and hazing tricks and larks are the result. The professor, the janitor, classmates and other students are to him the lawful objects of his ridicule. This love of jokes gives birth to the midnight bonfire, the stealing of bells, barrings-out, the torch and mask and fish-horn serenades. Lampoons too are its legitimate children. These are the coarser specimens of college fun, arising not because the jokers are coarser than their fellows but because they are human. Our pen hesitates to condemn these freaks wholesale. Despite our "senioric dignity" enough of the sophomore is left in us yet so that the memory of former revels sometimes causes us to sigh after the flesh-pots of that jolly year. In fact, we relish a joke as well as anyone—when it is played upon ourself always excepted, of course. A good joke is healthy; it helps to digest the food, it relieves the mind. It lifts a man into another atmosphere, a world where the blues are unknown and good fellowship reigns supreme. A good joke engenders a laugh and a hearty laugh some one has called the natural music of the soul. By his own chucklings everyone confesses with the poet that to play the fool at a proper time and within bounds, is good, and even we think they will allow the soul at rare intervals to reel in the intoxication of fun. We pity the man who cannot laugh, and we feel sad over the early history of Bunyan. We would almost be willing to give up the Pilgrim's Progress if only such a life might not have been lived. But to the lives and writings of such as Thackeray we turn with peculiar pleasure; we relish their every incident. Even when their sharp wit cuts at our own pet follies, we can not but bless the man who laughs so pleasantly and makes us to laugh also. But this pleasure is not felt in Rabelaic fun. Its fine essence is never stirred by his boisterous laughter, and this we fear we students are too apt to forget. Often our fun is of this coarser character, often it is not fun at all. If to labor all night for the sake of stealing the college bell and enjoying the labor for our pains, is fun; if to fill the chapel with uncut wood and imposing onerous labor on an aged janitor is fun; if to circulate slanderous and often indecent lampoons at a public exercise is fun, why then we have an entirely mistaken notion of what that little word means. It seems to us that a satirical lampoon cutting at foibles, witty and as good natured as possible would hardly be objectionable; but a filthy bundle of lies, nauseating to the readers and only injurious to the writers, such as is the common college "ram," is a wrong and a nuisance. It is worse than Rabelaic for it accomplishes no good object. Better nothing than that.

We understand that the Corporation have the petition for a change of Commencement day under consideration, and we are glad of it. It seems to us as though the present division of our college year is unwise and that it does not promote the best interests of the college or the welfare of its students as a different arrangement might. In some respects, the old system by which Commencement was made to fall in the middle of August, was superior to the one now in vogue. The only redeeming feature of that arrangement, however, was that it gave the students an opportunity to teach during the winter months without a necessity of making up lost time. The change from the old system was a step in the right direction, but stopping where it did instead of remedying the evil we think it tended rather to aggravate it. Be this as it may, in consequence of this move the students are obliged to lie idle during the six best weeks for study of the whole year. To compensate for this he is permitted to do his hardest work in the sweltering heat of July—the time of all times least fit for study. For those students who feel obliged to spend some portion of the year in advancing their financial interests, the winter vacation affords but a meagre opportunity. The same may be said of the short summer vacation. There is not a student in college who would not rather spend the six weeks of winter vacation in pursuing his studies provided he could be released from duty by the middle of June. By far the greatest evil attendant upon the present system is that the student is compelled to do his hardest work during the hot sultry days of summer. To you who have been students we need not say that Annuals, and the few weeks preceding them, tax the student's energy to the utmost. But Annuals must be passed and they *are* passed, after which the student having performed his part in a listless sort of way, enters upon his vacation with health impaired and energy dissipated—evils which one vacation will not remedy. It may be asked how former students endured it to study into the middle of August. We don't know; we were not students then. But this we do know, that a change of commencement to the middle of June would be a benefit. The Faculty favor, the students desire it and we await next Commencement to learn what the gentlemen of the corporation will do about it.

Strangers visiting our college invariably express their admiration at the general appearance of our library. And in this respect we can be justly proud of it. But were all the facts known, this admiration would give place to astonishment at the wonderful phenomena of a college library in the nineteenth century whose doors are practically shut against the students. As far as we know, the door is open only half an hour each week, and even then the entrance is blocked up by the librarian's table. The student appears at the outside, returns his one or two books, draws out one or two others, and then retires. If in waiting his turn he has overrun the half hour, and is therefore compelled to be tardy at Rhetoricals, he is doomed to be demerited for what he probably could not help. Such a state of things is simply preposterous. And what makes it more so is the fact that the catalogues of books in the library are quite incomplete, while there is not even an apology of an index of subjects and authors, which in any case would seem necessary, but which in our case would seem indispensable.

We would humbly ask those whom it concerns, why cannot we have a change in this matter? Why can not the library be thrown open for reference a few hours each week? Almost every day some of the students would like the privilege of being admitted to the library, to look up certain points in connection with their studies. This is especially true in the Junior and Senior years. Many would often desire to refer to books which they would not wish to draw out. Perhaps half a dozen would like to consult the same author on some particular point, and that only for a few minutes. If the library were open they could all be accommodated. Under the present arrangement only one could be, and

that after having to wait from one to seven days. If the library were opened to students for one hour each day, it would be a great improvement upon the present method. Or, if it would suit our worthy librarian better, two hours, from three to five, on Saturdays and Wednesdays, would be very acceptable.

It may be urged against our plan that, in case of its adoption, we could no longer have a library which would be justly our pride, and which would command the admiration of visitors. Grant it. But what do we have a library at all for? Is it for ornament and show? Is it not rather for use — for the good that the students can get out of it? And if so, the more good the better. The adoption of our plan would also increase the expense of taking care of the library. To this we answer, that the library is for the especial benefit of the students, and any economy practiced at the expense of the best good of the students will prove in the end but poor economy.

The setting out of class trees and the Centennial tree planting on the High School grounds suggest to us that it would be well to set out more woodbine vines around our halls. For instance, what an improvement a vigorous vine creeping up the south wall of Painter Hall would be over that unsightly pile of college wood! Surely no one can but be pleased with the appearance of our chapel, covered as it is on all sides with the autumn beauty of this graceful plant. Why not put the study of the beautiful into practice, clear the campus of eyesores, and hide the ugly face of Painter Hall beneath the beauty of green leaves?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of The Undergraduate,

Gentlemen: — Permit me through your columns to ventilate a question in which, I am sure, many of the students are interested, namely: Why cannot we have some French in the curriculum? Most, if not all, of the other New England colleges have this study in their course, either compulsory or elective. Why should Middlebury stand alone in this respect? If it is argued that our curriculum is already comprehensive enough for four years, and that the addition of French would only encroach upon more important studies, already overcrowded, I for one would say that a knowledge of the French language is indispensable to any one who claims to be a polished scholar, or who wishes to become acquainted with the best literature of modern times. That is more than can be said of some of the studies of our present course, although I do not wish to be understood as underrating any of them. Could not mathematics give up one or two terms out of the three years now devoted to it, without suffering materially from it? There are some students who have no taste for mathematics, and whose time is almost wasted during the study of Analytics and Calculus, and yet have a natural aptness for the acquiring of language. Why could not some provision be made to meet the case of these, so that, if they preferred it, they could take up French for a few months? There may be also a number of young men in college, who, while unwilling like myself to forego any of the mathematics, would be glad to spend some time in the study of French while pursuing their other regular studies.

It is often urged as one great reason for giving so much prominence to the classics in the college course, that they constitute the basis, and facilitate the acquisition, of the Romance languages. If that is true, and no one who knows anything about the matter will deny it, it is a pity that so much fine foundation should be laid, without any opportunity to utilize it, by forming the acquaintance of the noblest of the languages of the South.

I have written you these few lines in hopes that they will draw out the opinions of other students, and also that the faculty and trustees will not deem it unworthy of their serious consideration.

Frank.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Yes—"The Lancet."

The birds are returned in full force.

The Juniors are all *Budd*hists.

Junior Ex. passed off very creditably.

The "First Dance after Lent" was not a success *financially*.

Dr. Reynolds says "Woman is the noblest part of the female race."

One of our estimable Professors has "dared to do right." He wears the "red ribbon."

A Fresh. was heard to inquire last term who was to write the *Soliloqwy* for Junior Ex.

The students and "resident alumni" of the High School are to plant Centennial trees in the park.

As he is a Senior we suppose he will wear those two *mittens* instead of *white gloves* when he graduates.

The Sophs are going to make a coast survey of Lake Champlain—at least, that's what they say.

"Was the furnace of which you speak a high blast furnace?" said the Prof. to a Junior chemist. "No Sir, it was quite a *low brick building*," replied the brilliant J. C.

It doth rejoice us exceedingly that Spring hath come and Chapel exercises are no longer held in the Philosophical room, where Seniors and Freshmen used to get so inextricably mixed and Juniors sat on the floor.

It' s rather funny, the way two of our "flammists" take turns in paying their "distresses" to one young lady down town.

Some of the students have engaged Prof. Hatch to instruct them in the mysteries of the Terpsichorean art.

A certain youth in college went to a funeral. After his return he remarked to a friend—"Didn't the corpse look dreadful! How *emancipated* her hands were!" "You don't mean emancipated, do you?" the other replied:

"Why yes,—*ex* and *manus*, *from the hand*, don't you see?" The other didn't see.

One of the pleasantest episodes of last term was "Prof." Powell's party, to which the students were invited *en masse*. The refreshments were cigars.

They smoked who never smoked before,
And they, who smoked, smoked all the more.

The party was given in appreciation of the good behavior of the "bhoys" during the term. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if the rest of the Faculty would "set 'em up" whenever the students recited well.

When it was customary to have recitations in the morning at five o'clock, the Prof. said to a Junior in Astronomy—"Mr. Smith, what is the *mean time?*" Junior, (yawning). Five o'clock is about as *mean* a time as any I know of."

The Sophs are having a hard time of it, at least if the following Sophomoric effusion is the class sentiment:

Oh, how like thunder I do hate
To TRY to differentiate
And have the Prof. without compunction,
Ask the meaning of a function.

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

'21. Hon. Ezra June did at his residence in Brandon, Vt., Thursday, April 27, aged 80 years. He was assistant county judge from 1844 to 1847, state senator in 1848–9, and state's attorney for Rutland county in 1850–1.

'36. Mr. J. H. Whiteside is one of the proprietors of a large paper-mill at Champlain, N. Y. The expenses of the firm for workmen are $10,000 *per annum*.

'37. Rev. R. S. Cushman, D. D., of Manchester, Vt., has suffered severely with rheumatism this spring.

'40. Hon. E. J. Phelps, LL. D., of Burlington, Vt., has been engaged as one of the counsel in the Emma Mine investigation before the House committee on Foreign affairs.

'43. Hon. John C. Churchill, of Oswego, N. Y., is a State Delegate to the National Republican Convention at Cincinnati.

'45. We regret to record the death of the wife of Rev. Joseph A. Bent of Wheaton, Ill., which occurred April 8th.

'46. Dr. W. S. Hopkins has been re-elected Mayor of Vergennes, Vt.

'50. Mr. Chas. E. Everest is a prominent lawyer of Champlain, N. Y.

'60. Mr. E. B. Sherman, of Chicago, Ill., is the most prominent Odd Fellow in that state.

'60. Mr. S. A. Kellogg, of Champlain, N. Y., is District Attorney for Clinton Co.

'61. Mr. Ezra J. Warner has been in town since our last issue. Mr. Warner is a wholesale grocer in Chicago, Ill., of the firm of Sprague, Warner & Co., Nos. 55 and 53 Michigan Avenue.

'61. Mr. Geo. E. Plumb is one of the editors of the *Inter-Ocean*.

'61. Mr. J. B. Smith is a contractor in Chicago, Ill.

'62. Rev. Chas. C. Harris is the Rector of an Episcopal church in Lincoln, Nebraska.

'63. Mr. A. R. Sabin is the principal of a large academy at Lake Forest, Ill.

'63. Mr. R. S. Tuthill is engaged in the practice of law at Chicago, Ill.

'63. Mr. N. B. Smith, of Pulaski, N. Y., was a delegate to the N. Y. State Convention at Syracuse.

'68. Mr. Chas. N. Bell is practising law with great success at St. Paul, Minn.

'68. Mr. Albee Smith is reported to be well established as a lawyer at Minneapolis, Minn. His business is largely in real estate.

'70. An alumnus writes us as follows:—"Martin E. Severance is principal of Afton Academy, Minn. The attendance is large and he has several assistants. He was married more than one year ago and has assumed the paternal relation."

'71. Mr. Gideon E. Clark is practicing law at No. 132 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

'71. Hon. A. Barton Hepburn was a delegate from St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., to the State Republican Convention at Syracuse.

'72. Mr. H. H. Ross has engaged to teach the Vergennes High School a second year.

'72. Rev. E. M. Sherman died on Thursday morning, April 27th. Mr. Sherman's ill health dated back to the loss of his limb in his country's service. He suffered through college with disease of the kldneys. He had been lately visiting Mr. Hiram Smith, '71, and was returning to Conference when he was taken sick with diphtheria. He lingered about two weeks, when he died at Clarendon, Vt., surrounded by his friends. He leaves a wife and multitudes of friends to mourn his decease. His patience through suffering, his manliness and christian firmness, made him honored by his fellow-students and respected in the world. In him the cause of truth has lost one more earnest and efficient worker.

'73. Mr. C. R. Turrill has charge of a school in Shelburne, Vt.

'74. Mr. H. V. Ludlum is studying medicine in N. Y. City. His address is No. 66 Third St.

'75. Mr. J. F. Reynolds is temporarily residing at Irona, N. Y., where he has general charge of an iron manufacturing business.

'77. Mr. Harry P. Stimson while parleying with a crowd of town roughs, was struck from behind by a club in the hands of one of their number. He was so severely injured as to lie unconscious for nearly twenty-four hours. When sufficiently recovered he was removed to his home at Ludlow, Vt.

NOTES.

A junior during a chemistry lecture was observed to go through various antics intended to facilitate the transplanting of several suspicious looking slips of paper from a neighboring seat to his own, and on being asked by the Prof. what he was doing calmly answered "O nothing, Professor, merely preparing to take notes." *O cheek.—Univ. Press.*

A Senior recently preached for a church of the African persuasion. Discovering that his sermon had a soothing effect, he continued his sweet strains for an hour and a quarter. After which, amid the silence that prevailed, a brother arose and said, "Brederen, let us sing dat very appropriate hymn—Hallelujah! 'tis done."—*Dickinsonian.*

The whole of Mendelssohn's music to the "Antigone" of Sophocles was performed on Sunday by the Liederkranz, the connecting text and melodramatic portions being read by Mrs. Witte and Mr. Protar.

Prof. of Mathematics, (illustrating to Freshman that the sides of a prism are its surface, not its contents.) "When a tailor makes me a suit of clothes does he make the *man?*"

Freshie, (with avidity;) "Yes, sir!"—*Volante.*

If you see a man going round with a black eye and a melancholy look on his countenance, always ask him who hit him. It shows sympathy and makes him feel good. We asked C. B., and he said it was a base-ball, and shook his fist at us.—*Bates Student.*

The College is preparing to send a survey of the college grounds, photographs of the cabinet, physical and chemical laboratories, with their apparatus, together with views of the models, &c., used in the department of engineering, to the Centennial Exhibition. —*Tufts Collegian.*

A Freshman and a Junior discussing the comparative number of men and women in the United States, the former maintaining that the men preponderated, settled the question by remarking, "You see, more women marry than men, anyway."—*College Mercury.*

Senior—Have you read "Les Miserables?" Soph (stroking his hair, and looking wise)—"y-e-s, well—no, I'm not sure that I have, who was he?"—*Oberlin Review.*

SCENE.—Recitation room. Time 11:30 A. M.

Fresh. "Professor, I never heard of such a thing before."

Prof. "That is the one thing you never learned, Mr. ——. Please read the next sentence.—*Qui Vive.*

From the Leipzig *Tageblatt und Anzeiger* we gather the following facts in regard to the Leipzig Univ. The entire number of lectures to be given this summer is 418, of which there are in the department of Theology 44; of Law 44; of Medicine 100; of Philosophy 230. The entire number of lecturers is 154. 151 of these are permanent and 3 temporary.

Student (in Optics).—Professor, when dogs are mad, do their eyes dilate?

Prof.—I always get as far from that end as possible. I don't know.—*Neoterian.*

THE SANCTUM.

We have received the second number of the *Neoterian*, published at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis. It presents a better appearance than the *Collegian*. The *Neoterian* and the *Undergraduate* being twin-born can afford to shake hands and congratulate each other.

The *College Journal* comes to us minus its cover—an improvement. It has a sensible editorial upon the foolishness of entering college while yet under eighteen. We wish all "subs" might read it.

The *Acta Columbiana* in its March number speaks as follows:

"We are desirous of making the *Acta* emphatically a College paper, possessed of creditable literary merit and replete with enjoyable articles. The accomplishment of these ends is by no means wholly confined to the Editors; very much depends upon the cooperation they receive from the students."

The last sentence is extremely sensible and we call the attention of our fellow students to it—especially to the last clause.

We have received a copy of the *Monthly Musings*, Richmond College, Richmond, Va. We are much more favorably impressed with its matter than its name.

The *Tufts Collegian* offers the following suggestion to students wishing to make a more rapid progress than their classes:—"Now why should not these students club together, and in their chosen field of labor do an extra amount of work? Suppose that the study is Latin: let them take up some author not included in the regular course, and, reading as much or as little as their inclination or leisure will allow, make his works a special study."

The Virginia Univ. *Magazine* furnishes its exchanges several enjoyable articles. "Aaron Burr," "English Fiction" and "Voyage Autour De Ma Chambre" are all good. We imagine that "Flush Times" was written by a Sophomore from this stanza:

"List to my secret; That old bell
Shall heave again in mellow ringing
At dead night time; and none shall tell—
Tho' every man shall know it well,—
Who waked its brazen singing.
Wisdom I vouch
Will from its couch
'The garments of the night' unfold
And start with fear
Once more to hear
The merry strains of old."

It is a matter of curiosity with us why some exchanges attack the *Dartmouth* so furiously. Considering that it is a weekly publication it is much superior to certain journals which forever bark at it.

The *Volante* speaking of the co-education of the sexes, remarks: "As yet, co-education is no more than an experiment at our University. So far, our dose has been homeopathic, not only in size, but also in sweetness, harmlessness, agreeableness to take (to entertainments), and in divers other commendable particulars. * * * * We have not seen the ladies acquire a masculine character; in fact, they know as little now as before of the true method of sharpening a lead pencil; while the gentlemen are not particularly effeminate or given to sentimentalism."

We are not so sure about that last statement as the editor seems to be.

The *University Press* has a very good translation of Salis' "Das Stille Land," but by misprint it has been laughably christened "Das Little Land."

We received the *Pactolus* the other day, and upon opening it, nearly lost our breath, and all hopes of undying fame, when we read that

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us! &c.,

was written by some anonymous author. Elsewhere the *Pactolus* reproves our neighbor at the University for "slinging college phrases." Well! well! well! And yet on the whole we are pleased with the *Pactolus*. Its poetry is above the average, and it is fortunate in several good correspondents.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE TEACHERS MANUAL. Hiram Orcutt. (Thompson, Brown & Co., Boston.)

It is a great mistake often times to use the word *manual* in selecting a title for a book; it is so apt to suggest a dry collection of facts, or at least the uninteresting arrangement of a text-book. As to the book in question the word is unfortunate, for it is by no means a manual in the sense of a text-book or of a book of encyclopedic character. It *is* a manual in the sense that it is fitted to be every teachers handbook,—companion if you will. Prof. Orcutt is the principal of Tilden Ladies' Seminary, and as a teacher has had an established reputation for many years. He has drawn upon his experience of thirty-five years and embodied all its lessons in this book for the instruction of other teachers young and old. Here are no rules or special modes of conduct for special cases but only general principles of conduct in the discipline of a school. That every teacher will accept wholly everything which Mr. Orcutt says is improbable, but that every teacher will derive much benefit from his book and will gain many ideas on the subject of school-discipline is undoubtedly true. Its style is simple; the subject matter is topical in arrangement and it affords pleasant reading even to those who are not teachers. The retail price of the work is one dollar, but teachers may obtain it at a discount of fifteen per cent. on application to the author.

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From the Report on Geography, at the Vienna Exposition, to the French Government, by E Levasseur, a member of the International Jury. This learned geographer is a member of the Institute, Professor in the College of France, and Commissioner to organize a National System of geographical instruction.

"Ils [other geographies.—Ed.] dérivent tous du type créé par M. Arnold Guyot. Ce savant, dont le dernier 'Atlas Physical Geography' rapelle dignement le premier ouvrage, la Terre et l'Homme, a senti que la géographie avait besoin d'être comprise plus encore qu'apprise; il s'est appliqué à donner l'intelligence des grands lois de la nature à ses élèves, et à inspirer par là le sentiment de l'harmonie que préside à l'arrangement du monde; rendant l'enseignement élevé et interessant par des vues générales, en même temps que simple et accessible à des enfants, il est devenu le créateur d'une méthode féconde... ..La méthode la plus suivie ou du moins la plus originale est celle de M. Arnold Guyot. Elle se fonde, comme la méthode qui débute par la commune, sur la facilité qu'ont les enfants de comprendre et de retenir par la vue; elle évite les définitions abstraites et la nomenclatures, et mettant à profit les scénes de la nature, tempêtes, cascades, paysages de forêts, les travaux des hommes tels que chasse, labourage, ou les lois élémentaires de la physique du globe, vent, hiver, elle intéresse par des images que le maitre accompagne de descriptions, sans s'attacher précisément à décrire le lieu qu'il habite. Ces deux méthodes sont rationelles et bien préférable à celle qui consiste à faire apprendre par cœur, au début une longue série de définitions abstraites sur les termes géographiques, et à continuer par des séries de noms propres, mers, iles, villes, etc., sans commentaire; si l'on ajoute, ce que tous les auteurs de géographie blâment, mais ce que certains membres pratiquent, sans carte, on arrive à faire de la géographie, qui est par elle-même attrayante, l'enseignement le plus fastidieux et le plus sterile.....

"Je termine cette revue par les États-Unis. Nous y retrouvons M. Guyot, qui accomplit dans la cartographie murale la même révolution que dans le reste de l'enseignement géographique. Il s'applique surtout à mettre en lumiére les grands traits de la géographie physique, cours d'eau, plaines, versants, plateaux, hautes chaînes; il emploie surtout le vert et le bistre, en réservant des blancs sur les plus hautes crêtes; son planisphére, son Amérique du Nord, et surtout ses États-Unis, qui ont les mérites de ses atlas transformés dans le style mural, sont exécutés avec une grande habileté. Les autres cartes murales que preséntaient les États-Unis étaient bien inférieures; les cartes particulières d'États n'avaient aucune des qualités propres aux cartes murales."

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